

CATCHING BULLETS IN AIR

This is Latest Sport of British Aviators, According to One of Latest Tales From Trenches.

In a London newspaper is printed an account of a British aviator flying over the German lines and catching a bullet that had "stopped dead still for the smallest fraction of a second" before turning from an ascending into a descending missile. Although the newspaper prints no photograph of the bullet, nor even of the pocket into which the aviator placed it, the odd story has other elements of truth sufficient to prove the authenticity of the whole narrative, remarks the New York Herald. It has a swarm of German bullets "whining," this is indisputable, because that has been the characteristic of all Teutonic bullets ever since the battle of the Marne. It has the Germans trying to "wing" the flier; here is the typical Teutonic attempt to induce suffering through maiming.

But the greatest evidence of truth is the final sentence explaining how "the aviator reached quickly, grabbed the bullet and put it in his pocket." He "grabbed" it quickly merely because he was flying at the rate of 180 miles an hour, but he put it in his pocket because a whining German bullet that had been fired from a rifle and had gone through the superheated air surrounding the aviator was as white hot as Munchausen would be if he were alive to castigate those who doubt the newest tale from the trenches.

CASE OF BROTHERLY LOVE

New King of Greece Once Hurdled Challenge at Crown Prince, But Latter Declined to Accept.

A good story is told concerning the new King Alexander of Greece, between whom and his elder brother, Prince George, there is not, nor ever has been, any love lost. One day shortly after his father's accession to the throne a shoot was in progress on the royal estates near Athens, and during the luncheon hour a discussion arose on accidents at shooting parties.

"No man has ever peppered me in mistake for a pheasant," remarked Prince George. "If anyone were foolish enough to do so I would shoot him dead on the spot."

Shortly afterward, when sport had been resumed, the crown prince felt a shower of shot rattle round his gaitered legs, and, turning in a fury to find whence it proceeded, saw his brother with a gun leveled in his direction.

"I've got another barrel ready," said Prince Alexander. "Will you shoot?"

The challenge was not accepted.

Maid of Orleans Annexed. More annexations! This time the German victim is Joan of Arc. Yes, the Germans are actually claiming the patron saint of France as a fellow-countryman, says the London Chronicle. They have acquired large quantities of statues and images of the maid in the French towns which they still occupy. In one case, at least, they ordered a manufacturer to make duplicates of his casts. The Frenchman was astonished, and asked the reason of this devotion. "Oh," was the reply, from a Bavarian officer, "Joan of Arc is not French, since she was a Lorraine, and Lorraine is German. Certainly she prayed to heaven for the success of our arms, for they are directed against her mortal enemies; the French, who delivered her up, and the English, who burned her!"

The Perfect Blockade. Carl W. Junch, a millionaire dyer, said in Cincinnati:

"Now we've cut off the neutrals, Germany is bound to fare as sparsely as the Schmidt family."

"Mrs. Schmidt, you know, took her large family of children to the city one day, and when lunch time came she led them into a restaurant."

"Waiter," she said, "one sirloin steak and seven plates."

"The waiter gave a start. Then he bent over Mrs. Schmidt and whispered, respectfully:

"Beg pardon, madam, but if you and your family was to take that there table by the kitchen door and sniff hard I think you'd get more of a meal."

Gold Congregations.

Silly Sunday told a story at a Brooklyn luncheon about an apathetic Missouri congregation.

"This bunch," preacher, he said, "has wrangled among 'em for thirty-seven years, and never an encouraging word but one has he got in all that time."

"He told me about it with tears in his eyes. He said he was on the way home to dinner when a deacon hailed him. The deacon shook him by the hand and then actually said:

"Ah, person, that was a beautiful text you preached from Sunday evening."

Social Centers for Soldiers.

The Y. W. C. A. has opened its first camp house at the Plattsburg training camp. Intended as a social center where student soldiers may meet their women friends and their families, it is equipped with a restaurant, a broad terrace facing the parade grounds, a reception room and rest and writing rooms. The Y. W. C. A. is endeavoring to raise \$1,000,000 for the erection of similar buildings at other training camps here and in Europe. Some of its workers are already in France in preparation for this work.

OCTOBER BARGAIN MONTH

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Irritating Problem.

It is an irritating, nay more, a deeply saddening problem for a wise dyspeptic to ponder the superabundance in this little world of ours of things cookable amid the extreme rarity of cooks.—Maarten Maartens.

Every Woman Wants

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Timiskaming.

The name Timiskaming is from the word Timiskaming of the Nipissing Indians, the intrusive letter "s" being due to Canadian French. It is derived from timi, "it is deep," and gaming, "in the water," meaning in "the deep water." It is the name of the lake lying between northwestern Quebec and northwestern Ontario, and through it flows the Ottawa river. Near its western shore is the Cogit district, famous for its rich silver mines. In places the waters of the lake are very deep, as the Indians evidently knew, for they gave it a name that means "in the deep water." A band of Algonquin Indians, known as the Timiskamings, and closely related to the Abitibi, once lived on the shore of the lake.

October Bargain Club.

An opportunity is presented our readers this month to secure The Evansville Courier daily for one year and The Kentuckian tri-weekly one year at the bargain rate of \$5.50. The regular price for both papers is \$7.

It is expected that hundreds of people will take advantage of this chance to get their favorite city daily and home tri-weekly at a moderate price. If your subscription does not expire until later, your time will be extended one year. This low rate is made, however, only in the month of October.

Constellation of Orion.

The constellation known as Orion is referred to in Job 9:9 and 33, 31. Orion is the "giant" of oriental astronomy, and the giant was Nimrod the mighty hunter, fabled to have been bound in the sky for impiety. The two dogs and the hare in nearby constellations made his train complete.

First American Cent.

The first American cent was circulated in 1793. The so-called "Washington pennies" used before that date were not issued by the government and were really models of medals.

STATISTICAL NOTES

St. Louis taxable wealth is now \$62,294,830.

New York has 800 school-teachers not naturalized.

Chile produces 1,800,000 tons of nitrate of soda yearly.

Argentine yearly exports 5,000,000 wet-salted and dry hides.

Cooperstown, N. Y., is to have a new hospital, to cost \$250,000.

New York in 1866 paid 20 cents a pound for granulated sugar.

Japan in the next four years is to send 20,000 laborers to Brazil.

British allies this year have bought 5,000,000 hides in Argentina.

A FEW EPIGRAMS

No man knows exactly how he looks.

A rut is a grave without ends or top.

Evil commercialized is evil enthroned.

If there were no clouds there would be no rainbows.

That man is great who has great friends and great enemies.

Whether a man is a sneak or a detective depends on his motive.

A true church is the embodiment of the spiritual ideals of the race.

The things which are fundamental are rooted in the constitution of nature.

When a young man goes through college in an automobile he is moving some.

Remember that this day—today—is the greatest day in the history of the world.

Nature is well-dressed—four changes of raiment in the year is the divine allowance.

Certain women would die happy if they could see this old world swept and dusted.

A criminal is a pessimist—when a man believes everything is going wrong he goes wrong.

A religious doctrine or theological dogma, if true, will find its best illustration in nature.

Small men sometimes build great homes.—Doctor Gardon.

NEW THINGS UNDER SUN

An attachment for clocks that a Minnesota inventor has patented enables them to change the dates on a calendar at each midnight.

Norway's abundant deposits of titanium ore are to be utilized for the manufacture of dyes and pigments by a recently formed company.

To convert a dry battery into a lantern there has been invented a handle for carrying an electric lamp, reflector and connections for the battery binding posts.

A new picture molding, stamped from sheet metal, is intended to be nailed to a wall before the plaster is applied, the latter helping to support the weight it carries.

A German inventor's potato planter is featured by hollow wheels through which the cut tubers are fed into excavations made by spades attached to the sides of the wheels.

Hollow tile building blocks patented by an Iowa inventor are provided with dead air spaces that prevent the entrance of water or even moisture through the cemented joints.

Experimenting with overhead currents to increase the growth of plants, British electricians have made oats produce about 50 per cent more grain and 85 per cent more straw.

AROUND THE WORLD

Britain has a paper-rags saving campaign.

Hawaii produces 75 edible sea-weeds.

Many women are occupying English pulpits.

Georgia marble companies have consolidated.

Alberta, Canada, is to have a Belgian colony.

Rome is consuming increasing quantities of wine.

Missouri gives convicts Saturday half holidays.

Hungarian gypsies have fled to Spain to escape war service.

KEEPING UP WITH DUTIES

No Man That Could Not Overcome Procrastination Ever Made a Success of His Life.

A successful man said recently that he attributed his success to an early formed habit of doing at once what he saw ought to be done.

Whenever a task, big or little, presented itself, he gave it his immediate attention, and his splendid achievements are proof of the success of this habit.

Much mental worry and physical ill-being comes from putting off until tomorrow what should be done today, and it is one of the most common failings.

How often we exclaim:

"Oh, I should have written that letter long ago," or "I have owed that call so long I'm ashamed of myself," or "I've put off going to the dentist so long," or "My rubbers have a hole in them and here it is pouring pitchforks; I've had it on my mind for the last week to get a new pair," etc! Now a cry of despair over some really big obligation, now a wail over some small one.

Someone has said that the hardest part of work is getting at it, and this is so true. Work's irksomeness is almost invariably due to our fretting over the fact that it lies ahead of us. Life is much brighter when we keep abreast of our duties. Isn't it the burden of yesterday's tasks, those of last week, or even last year, that give you this oppressive sense of overwork?

A fine executive ability, the power of knowing how to accomplish tasks promptly, cultivated into a fixed habit, means health, happiness and success.—Exchange.

FITTED THE CASE.



"Well, that's all right! you see I ain't got no hook anyhow!"

MACHINE TESTS LEATHER.

The shoe-leather testing machine of P. L. Wormley of the United States bureau of standards, has at its chief part a cam wheel, about 11 inches in diameter of the shape of a four-leafed clover, and on each of the four faces is mounted a test sample. The wheel makes about thirty revolutions per minute on a horizontal axis. It is mounted at the middle of two parallel metal bars, pivoted at one end and free at the other, and its faces rest in turn near the outer edge of a 15-inch horizontal disk. Pressure is given by the weight of the bars, with any additional load that may be suspended from their free ends. The cam wheel driven by a chain from a motor, turns the horizontal disk, which has a cement friction top, and is provided with brake wheel and load carrying brake strap for giving resistance to rotation.

DINERS POCKET SUGAR.

Diners in London are regularly engaged just now in a practice which popularly is known as "pocketing the sugar." The custom is practiced all over the city and in all classes of places where tea and food are served. German submarines lately seem to have been especially active against ships that happened to be carrying sugar, with the result that, while there is enough to go around, the supplies for the distant future are none too large.

ASSISTING NATURE.

"Our young rubber trees aren't growing very rapidly."

"Why don't you go around and stretch 'em a little every morning?"

DIDN'T WANT THEM ALL.

She—You're a waster! Very few girls would marry you.

He—Well, very few would be enough!—Columbia Jester.

DADDY'S EVENING
FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

EGRET, MOTHERS.

"Two birds called the Egret birds were talking. They were very happy. One was named Mrs. Snowy Egret and the other was named Mrs. American Egret," began Daddy.

"Mrs. Snowy is one of the loveliest birds to be found anywhere and she is just like her name. She is white, pure white, and her plumage is very rich, very beautiful. Her beak and her legs are black, but all of her feathers are white, and there are glorious feathery white sprays of feathers in her costume which are called in the fashionable world, egrettes."

"You see," said Daddy, "the fashionable world and the birdland world are often very far apart, and though now people are thinking more of birds and less of their hats, still I want to tell this story so that Nancy, when she grows up will remember to find out what kind of feathers she is buying."

"Mrs. American Egret is said to have fifty 'egrette' plumes and they are at their best just when the little egrets have arrived. Now, Mrs. Snowy Egret was in a rookery talking of her fine little children. Mrs. American Egret was telling of her children, too. They both were comparing notes, as mothers will."

"Mine are a hungry little brood," said Mrs. Snowy.

"Ah! so are mine," said Mrs. American Egret. "They will be beautiful birds, the dear little loves," and Mrs. American Egret kissed her birdlings with her beak—oh, such a soft, sweet, motherly kiss."

"Little birdlings," she whispered softly to them. And off in the other rookery Mrs. Snowy was singing very gently to her little brood—little songs with very little meaning. But, ah! they were full of joy and of happiness and of the great, great love a mother bird gives to her young."

"Then both birds would realize that they hadn't said anything to each other for a long time, and Mrs. Snowy would say: 'I just forgot to talk. I can't keep my eyes off the little dears. And oh! they are so sleepy!'

"Sleep and food will make them lovely," said Mrs. American Egret. "I know the dears will have far lovelier



plumage than their parents when the time comes for them to be full grown."

"Yes, I can feel myself that the snowy children will be whiter and finer than I am," said Mrs. Snowy. Which only showed how her mother love was making her think her little birdlings were a great deal more handsome than she was. As yet they were rather queer and featherless. But deep in their bird hearts each mother bird knew that the day would come when the birdlings would be gorgeous birds, though just now they were only dear little helpless things!

"My little ones," whispered Mrs. Snowy again. The little ones stirred contentedly. They need have no fear. Mother Snowy was there to care for them. She would never desert them."

"My darlings," said Mrs. American Egret. And the small, feeble birds knew they would be loved and looked after."

"When, bang, bang, bang! went the gun of a big man, and down fell Mrs. Snowy from her rookery. Again the cruel sounds echoed through the woods."

"Bang, bang, bang! Down fell Mrs. American Egret."

"The little birdlings turned uneasily in their nests. They were hungry! Where was mother? Oh, why did the world all of a sudden seem so cold, so friendless, so foodless?"

"Two men were talking. 'This snowy bird is a beauty,' said one. 'Ever so many hats can be trimmed now. And such money as we will get!'

"There are fifty egrettes in this American bird," said the other man. 'This was a good day for us.'

"Yes, a good day for the men who made the money, perhaps. A good day for the women who wore the beautiful feathers in their hats. But back in the woods two families of little birds were left to starve and die—because the world of fashion wanted their mothers. These birds have almost disappeared in the country, so many have been destroyed, and now they are not supposed to be killed. But never, never, Nancy, if you ever see an egret for sale when you are a big lady, never get it, for such cruel fashions should be stopped. No one should ever buy such feathers, for they are finest when the birds are young, and think of what that means! Hundreds of little birds left to die because of a fashion!"